

FEBRUARY 25, 1909
VOL. LIII, No. 1374

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To the
Home



Latest Books

- Tales of Old England*, by Marion F. Lansing. (Ginn & Company, New York.)
Tono-Bungay, by H. G. Wells. (Duffield & Company. \$1.50.)
War Children, by John T. Wheelwright. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)
The Glasgow Gallery. (Published by H. M. Caldwell Co., New York.)
Bachelor Belles, by Harrison Fisher. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00.)
Some New Literary Valuations, by William Cleaver Wilkinson. (Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50.)
Dreaming River, by Barr Moses. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)
54—40 or Fight, by Emerson Hough. (Bobbs, Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.50.)
The Little Brown Brother, by Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)
Comrades, by Thomas Dixon, Jr. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.)
Control of the Body and Mind, by Frances G. Jewett. (Ginn & Co.)
Merrie England, by Grace Greenwood. (Ginn & Co.)
The Red Mouse, by William Hamilton Osborne. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.)
The Pulse of Life, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.)
A Holiday Touch, by Charles Battell Loomis. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.)
Davy Jones's Yarns and Other Salted Songs, by Thomas Ybarra. (Henry Holt & Co.)
The Eternal Boy, by Owen Johnson. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.)
The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States, by Victor Morawetz. (North American Review Publ. Co., Franklin Sq., N. Y. C. \$1.00.)
Christ Legends, by Selma Lagerlof. (Henry Holt & Co.)
Day Dreams of Greece, by Charles Wharton Stork. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila.)

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The Traveler



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Wanted: A Clock

I've a clock of silver, a marble clock,
And a clock with a cuckoo gay;
But the moments vanish, flock by flock,
Masses of work my labors mock,
For, alas! I never have found a clock
That goes the other way.
Never any kind of a clock
That ticks toward yesterday.

—Emma C. Dowd in *Good Housekeeping*.

A Considerate Captain

At Portsmouth, N. H., where they were to un-
veil a statue to the memory of T. B. Aldrich,
during an author's argument on international
copyright, Thomas Nelson Page broke up a
rather acrimonious discussion by deftly interpos-
ing a story.

"After all," he said, "there is not much real
help in that idea. It is such an idea as emanated
from the mind of a hard, cruel sea captain.

"In mid-ocean the cook approached the captain
timidly.

"'Captain,' he said, 'the men are growlin'
about the beef. They say they can't chaw it
nohow. They say it's only fit to mend their sea
boots with.'

"'How much beef are you giving 'em, cookie?'
the captain asked.

"'A pound apiece a day, sir,' said the cook.

"'Well,' said the captain, gently, 'give them
half a pound apiece from now on. I should be
sorry to force 'em to eat what isn't to their
taste.'"
—*Rochester Herald*.

Theology in the Highlands

The minister's class at the kirk of Tobermory
had been reading the story of Joseph and his
brethren and it came to the turn of the minister
to examine the boys.

The replies to all his questions had been quick,
intelligent and correct. Such as:

"What great crime did these sons of Jacob
commit?"

"They sold their brother Joseph."

"Quite correct. And for how much?"

"Twenty pieces of silver."

"And what added to the cruelty and wicked-
ness of these bad brothers?"

A pause.

"What made their treachery even more detest-
able and heinous?"

Then a bright little Highlander stretched out
an eager hand.

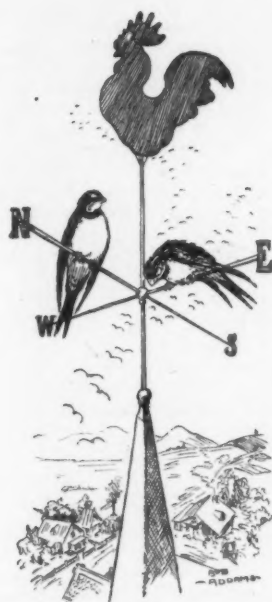
"Well, my man?"

"Please, sir, they sell't him ower cheap."
—*Tit-Bits*.

NO MATTER WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS

The Real Estate Number of LIFE is the Best
Thing In Sight

COMING—Next Week—Issue Dated March 4th—44 Pages



Maybe you think there is no fun in real estate. If you have ever dabbled in it, you will know better.

Do you think you know anything about "Little Old New York"? Read what Joe Smith says about it in the Real Estate Number of LIFE, and the real white-label truth will dawn on you.

Do you own your own home? Read that tender and delightful tale "When our dreams come true." Next week.

And this is not all—READ THE LIST OF COMING NUMBERS

March 11. Fashion Number (Cover by Phillips)

Have you a wife, sister or sweetheart? Better still, are you a dear delightful woman yourself? To anyone who wears clothes—superfluous clothes—this number will be a real event.

March 18. St. Patrick's (Cover by Flag)

Ireland is pictured in the brightest colors. This is the midmonth number, and will mark a green spot in your memory.

March 25. Woman's Rights (Cover by Crosby)

Everyone knows that the woman suffrage question in this country is assuming larger proportions all the time. From a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, it is enveloping the land. LIFE treats this subject with the solemnity it deserves—impartially, fairly—with malice toward none and love for all.

April 1. Easter (Cover by Lowell)

"Bright with promise"—which shall all be fulfilled. LIFE'S Easter number in past years has always been a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." This year it will surpass the most ardent anticipations.

April 22. Woman's Number (Cover by Clay)

A new idea. All the men will have to stand aside in this number. None but women allowed to contribute. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has something to say, also Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Hildegard Hawthorne, Agnes Repplier, Mrs. Thompson Seton—Oh, we couldn't give them all—it would take up too much space. If you want to know how many really clever women there are in this country, don't fail to order this number in advance.

April 29. Health Number (Cover by Kilvert)

Are you depressed? Have you tried all the health resorts? Are you a devotee of the New Thought? What is your latest digestive fad? Assuming that you are still alive, and wish to recover, get this number of LIFE and laugh it all off. It will cure you of anything you've got.

(Order of issue subject to change.)

NOTE, that These are only a few of the special numbers coming.



FOR MARCH:

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

The Magazine That Entertains

There will be three great features in Ainslee's Magazine for March.

FIRST: *The beginning of a new serial story by*

Harold MacGrath

the title of which will be announced later.

This is the first time that a novel by Mr. MacGrath has ever been serialized and in the face of great competition and by paying a large price the publishers have succeeded in getting the author's consent to the publication of the story in Ainslee's. This is the same Mr. MacGrath who wrote "The Man on the Box," "Half a Rogue," "Hearts and Masks," "The Lure of the Mask," etc.

SECOND: *The enlargement of the magazine by the addition of sixteen pages.*

Besides Mr. MacGrath's serial the magazine will have the usual 160 pages of long and short fiction, making 176 pages in all.

THIRD: *Each instalment of Mr. MacGrath's story will be illustrated with reproductions in full colors of paintings by*

Howard Chandler Christy

Epigrams

Inherited genius may be actually a fact, but there's no doubt about transmitted stupidity.
A man at sixty begins to realize that his grandfather was not so old when he died at eighty.—Lippincott's.

A Tip for Clyde Fitch

"I've got a bright idea for my new farce," said the up-to-date young dramatist. "Instead of opening with a housemaid dusting the furniture and telling the audience the plot, I'm going to bring on a vacuum cleaner with phonographic attachment."—London Globe.

Forbidden Fruit

"Your luncheons are always so successful, Mrs. Penrhyn-Paget. Do tell me how you select your menus."
"Oh, you see the doctor has given me a printed list of things I mustn't eat, and I choose the things I don't like."—H. M. G. in Lippincott's.

Triolets

He said it hurt him worse than me,
I didn't hear him crying,
When I was there acrost his knee
He said it hurt him worse than me.
I wisht it had 'a' done, b'gee!
I think that he was lying.
He said it hurt him worse than me,
I didn't hear him crying.

He must have thought it was a treat
That he to me was handing,
It's been some time sence he was beat,
He must have thought it was a treat.
I notice, though, he didn't eat
His meals next day a-standing.
He must have thought it was a treat
That he to me was handing.

It wouldn't be so awful bad
To get a little licking;
If that alone was all I had,
It wouldn't be so awful bad;
But "hurt him worse!" That makes me mad,
It's that that starts me kicking,
It wouldn't be so awful bad
To get a little licking.

—Chicago Daily News.

A Master of Tongues

An overzealous county committee once advertised that J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota—who is the House humorist, and, for that reason, probably, has been defeated for renomination, the people desiring serious-minded statesmen, apparently—would make a speech in Scandinavian in a town where there was a large settlement of Swedes and Norwegians.

Bede had a full house. He couldn't make a speech in Scandinavian, and he was in a bad hole.

After he had been introduced as a fellow-Norsky by the chairman, Bede stepped out: "My friends," he said, "I have been advertised to address you in your native tongue. Before proceeding, I desire to say that I have heard great things of the sturdy men from the North who are doing so much to make Minnesota an imperial State. I have heard that you men are the best class of immigrants, that you rapidly assimilate our language and customs, and become our best American citizens. I believe this to be true. Now, just to satisfy my curiosity, I desire to ask how many of you can understand English, just to prove to the world how admirable you are as settlers. How many understand English?"

"Ve bane all know Englis," said the spokesman.

"In that case," continued Bede, "it is entirely unnecessary for me to speak to you in Scandinavian, so I will proceed in English."—Youths' Companion.

Such Is Life

Many are called, but few get up.
Revenge is sweet to the sour.
Man's virtue rests on temperament; a woman's solidly on soul.

To keep friends, treat them kindly; to kill them, treat them often.

The end of one's ambition becomes merely the means to a greater effort.

Money is a real tragedy! Give it and you make paupers; lend it and you create enemies; hoard it and you imperil your soul.—Peter Pry Shevlin in Lippincott's.

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LIFE



LENT

Chorus: FLY AWAY HOME, NAUGHTY PERSON.

He: SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT THEY MORE THAN HALF WANT ME TO STAY.

Guide to New York



VISITORS from the country to the great metropolis of New York City will find the following a handy substitute for Baedeker:

Do not be afraid of a hotel. Just fill both hands full of small change and then follow the bell-boys and waiters meekly about. If a bell-boy takes your coat, give him your hat and your umbrella and your rubbers also.

Don't worry about the other people. They are also from the country and are as much frightened as you are. If you don't

know what to do with yourself, rush up and down on the subway, which will give you an appearance of being busy. Appearances are everything in New York.

If you want to be taken for a New Yorker, act as if you owned everything in sight. If you want to act natural, however, it will be all right. Everything goes in New York.

If you have clothes, put them on and wear them. If not, buy some. Buying clothes is all the rage in New York, as they are worn by nearly everyone except a few actresses. Style is no object. The worse you are dressed the better.

Step lively, both getting off and getting on. *Ellis O. Jones.*

SISSY: Boys don't have switches on their heads, do they, Bertie?

BERTIE: Nop, not on their heads.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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WE were speaking last week about the precise whereabouts of the strength of the antagonism to woman suffrage, and suggesting that it is based in sentiment. Mrs. Bradshaw, an anti-woman suffrage demonstrator, who spoke in New York the other day, was quoted as saying (not very politely):

The rich women in this city, who are aping the society women in London, haven't influenced the working classes in the slightest. I go among the poverty-stricken people, and find that the women and the men are bitterly opposed to the movement.

That is interesting, if true, and we incline to think it true except of a comparatively small number of independent wage earning women. If it is true, why is it true? In the brief report of Mrs. Bradshaw's remarks it is not explained, but she is quoted as saying: "Have you ever thought that if you give women the ballot you take away men's honor?" and in that remark there is a hint at the reason.

Not that we believe it to be true that man's honor would be affected by giving the ballot to woman. Whether women vote or not will make very little difference about man. He will go on just the same, and in so far as he is boss now—which is not very far—he will be boss then. But if the mass of women think that by demanding or accepting the ballot they disparage man's capacity to do the voting and diminish his stature and reputation in the world, they will not vote. They never can be organized into any movement which they think will work damage or disparagement to man.

Very few of them want to go it alone. They prefer to have a man about them even though his compan-

ionship has defects and drawbacks, and costs them more than a dispassionate observer would consider it worth. They know that there is nothing in creation so interesting to womankind—so well worth attention and so indispensable—as man, and they do not and never will, take kindly to any idea that seems to favor a diminished intimacy between man and woman. The working women have but one man apiece and that one, if he is any good, they are apt to cleave to and make the most of. The groups of the most active suffrage ladies are apt to include women who never had any man, women who got a bad one, women who had one and lost him, and women of so much attractiveness and advantages of position that they always have plenty of men, and to spare, and instead of seeing in pro-suffrage activities a threat or shadow of the separation of the sexes, they find in it, rather, a ground of lively companionship with interesting male workers for woman suffrage and with opponents of it who are waiting to be converted. The close interdependence between man and wife which is familiar to the poorer and more simple-living classes may not be appreciated by this last species of suffragists, who shape and live their lives with much independence of their spouses and expect their spouses to do the like. Their zeal for woman's rights would by no means hinder them from asking a husband to dinner without his wife (a practice that has begun to be a London fashion), though that involves the breach of a privilege worth vastly more to the average woman who goes to dinners than suffrage.

But the great mass of grown-up women who have one man apiece and only one, seem still much more disposed to improve their property and perfect their title to him, than to diminish his importance by diluting his vote. They do not want more independence at the possible cost of less man. They are jealous of the preservation of the property rights they value the most—their rights in man—and are not disposed to put them in any jeopardy. And the mass of men are much the same—not actively opposed to woman suffrage but distrustful of it, and apprehensive that it would disturb existing relations upon which depend most that makes life palatable.



MR. TAFT has been down to inspect our great national real estate speculation at Panama, and is satisfied that if the present plans are carried out he can go through the canal without squeezing. A squad of engineers of presumed competence who went down with him, reported with unanimity their satisfaction with the Gatun dam project, the proposed locks, the work that has been done and the plans for the work that there is still to do. Some changes they recommended, such as the widening of the Culebra cut, but in the main advised adherence to the original plans. They believe the canal will be completed within a reasonable time; Colonel Goethals says that ships will be passing through it in 1915; Mr. Taft goes him two years better and expects to see the canal opened before the close of his first term as President, March 4, 1913.

As to cost, hopeful estimators now put it at half a billion dollars; skeptical observers say a billion, and extra-sanguine prophets of disbursement say a billion and a half. We shall know better when we have paid the bill, but our own disposition is to believe that the smallest estimate is nearest right.

The canal will be nice for yachts that can afford to use it, and very handy for our government to send war fleets through in race-fright times. Beyond that, we are assured by gentlemen connected by business or prejudice with the trans-continental railroad industry, the canal will have little to do. Never mind. We are building it for reasons of strategy and sentiment, to show, as Sam Patch said, that some things can be done as well as others, and to insure more composed slumbers to our loved ones on the Pacific Coast. It will be enough for this generation to get the ditch dug. Let the next generation make it pay. The job had been hanging on a long time to the discredit of human capacity. The clock had struck for it to be finished up, and for our part we are glad our country tackled it, and very hopeful of the issue.



MOVING DAY, MARCH 4th

Lest We Forget

LIVES of Brakemen oft remind us
We may "fall off" any time,
And, departing, leave behind us
Wives and bairns without a dime.

Mr. Collier, Mr. Duffy and Mr.
Perkins



COLLIER'S WEEKLY adds the picture of James Breck Perkins, Member of Congress from Rochester, to its gallery of "Proper Objects of Self-Improvement," because he is counsel for the Hon. Walter Duffy's much advertised brand of medicinal whiskey. Government experts have analyzed the whiskey, and say, we understand, that there is alcohol and other bad ingredients in it, and that it cannot do the miracles of healing claimed for it on the cover.

We guess it can't. We guess it is just a common patent drink, the chief merit of it being that being largely alcohol it has the candor to call itself whiskey, instead of masquerading under some title more ingratiating to self-deceivers. That it calls itself whiskey when it isn't whiskey is nothing, for nobody seems to know what whiskey is.

But is the Hon. Mr. Perkins a reprobate person for being counsel for a—shall we say "rot-gut"—patent stimulant? That is a hard question. Must the counsel know and consider what goes into the beverages his client vends, and whether the claims that are made for them on the cover are well founded?

Young Mr. Collier discoursed with much pride the other day on the upright and useful means his father had used to make a fortune. We have heard that Peter Fenelon Collier laid the basis of his fortune in making and selling books of devotion of the Roman Catholic Church.

Was the doctrine in those books sound,

Mr. Robert? Was it true Christian doctrine? Will it do what is claimed for it? If not, the books were mischievous, weren't they?

Who shall say if the doctrine was sound?

No one!

And that is where Mr. Peter Collier has the better of Mr. Walter Duffy. Mr. Peter and Mr. Robert can take Mr. Duffy's "whiskey" to Dr. Wiley, and ask him what's in it, and he will tell them, and his report will be accepted by the government, no matter how inconvenient to Mr. Duffy. But Mr. Duffy cannot take Mr. Collier's devotional works to anybody and have them thrown out of the mails as bad doctrine. They go at their face value.

It seems to us that Mr. Perkins is entitled, as Mr. Duffy's counsel, to take Mr. Duffy's "whiskey" at its face value (but not internally, of course), and that it is not altogether just for Mr. Robert Collier to put him in his Rogues' Gallery.

Whiskey and doctrine are mighty obscure things.

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A Successful Succession

AS the curtain rises Roosevelt is discovered seated on the back of a horse decorated to look like a throne. Strewn carelessly about are the bones of nature-fakers, mollicoddles, liars, undesirable citizens, etc.

ROOSEVELT (*softly crooning*):

The hour has come,
The crisis nears,
When "yours sincerely"
Disappears.
While I go far,
Far over seas,
Another minds
My policies.

(*He stops and calls loudly.*) Loeb, Loeb. Where is that lobster Loeb? And he may be glad I do not use a shorter and nastier epithet. Loeb, Loeb. (*Enter Loeb*) Do you know what day this is?

LOEB—Aye, milord, it is the snides of March.

R—Very good. Here is the last batch of messages. I have recommended the more extensive cultivation of mince pies along the bean belt. Be sure that the Senate does not understand it "mint spies." Now, do you think I have covered everything?

L—Aye, aye, milord, everything.

R—I have tried to let no man escape, innocent or guilty.

L—It is a clean sweep, milord, from the *World* to the *Sun*. They are all trimmed.

R—Your kind words let me down

easy. Is everything ready for the ceremony?

L—Aye, aye, milord.

R—Have you examined my mantle and found it all right?

L—Yes, milord.

R—Have you let out the hem of my mantle and pieced it about the waist?

L—I have, milord.

R—Have you stationed the fleet in the Blue Room?

L—Yes, milord, and the torpedo boats are chasing gold-fish in the fountain, much to the delight of Kermit.

R—Did you send secret service agents to quiet the earthquake in Italy.

L—Yes, milord, I think we have the earthquake duly bluffed.

R—Have you arranged for good weather and a special eclipse of the sun for twelve o'clock?

L—It is all arranged.

R—Have I fired all the colored soldiers, ended all the wars and jollied all the foreign potentates?

L—Yes, milord, all, all, all.

R—Then bring in the successor I have chosen.

(Outside is heard a great hubbub, made up of angry agonizings and plaintive pleadings. Suddenly Taft rolls in frantically trying to escape from a gang of hungry office-seekers disguised as pirates and mendicants.)

ROOSEVELT (*stentoriously*). Stop. (*The office-seekers fade away.*) Let the candidate advance. (*Taft rolls to the center of the stage.*)

ROOSEVELT (*angrily continuing*)—Where is your horse?

TAFT (*meekly*)—The S. P. C. A. agent took it away from me.

R—Excuse me a moment while I dash off a message about it. (*Continuing as he finishes a lengthy message.*) And now is everything in readiness?

L—Yes, milord, all but Lyman Abbott. He has been abducted by the Suffragets.

R—Never mind, I'll fix that later. (*Turning to Taft*) Have you learned your lesson?

T—I am prepared.



"GAD! I WISH I WAS ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD AND HAD A DOLLAR TO SPEND."



CHESTER J. GARDE



CONTEMPORARIES



1—EVENING TELEGRAM

2—NEW YORK AMERICAN

3—THE SUN (WALL STREET EDITION)

R—Do you agree to follow my policies?

T—Even unto the jungles of Africa, if necessary.

R—And to read the *Outlook*?

T—Even unto the articles bearing upon the spiritual significance of Esperanto.

R—And to support the constitution when convenient?

T—Even if I have to appoint additional judges to get correctly interpreted.

R—And to appoint your own successor when you are tired of the job?

T—Even unto the third and fourth generation.

R—Then let me hear you recite the little verse I taught you.

T—

Eeny, meeny, meiny, mo,
Catch a Senator by the toe.
If he hollers, don't let go,
Eeny, meeny, meiny, mo.

R—'Tis well. I now pronounce you president in the name of whatever your religion may be. (*To Loeb*) Now let's beat it for Africa.

Loeb gives the signal and they all march out to the tune of "I'd Rather Be on the Inside Looking Out, than 'on the Outside Looking In."

(*Quick curtain, to give Taft a chance to change his clothes.*)

Ellis O. Jones.

Art

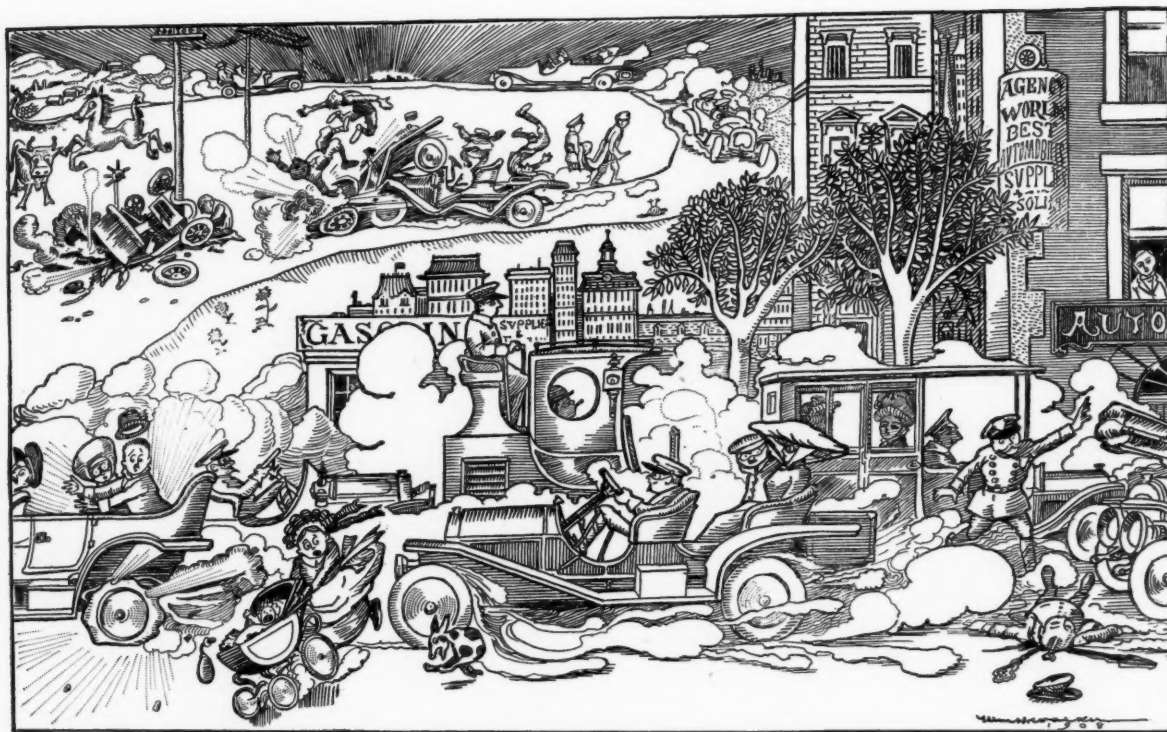
THE gods expected great things of art, which they had been at no end of pains to create.

But, just as art was being sent into the world, Hermes trickily touched it with his wand, in such a way that there was more or less money in it forever after.

Thus the beneficent plans of the gods came mostly to naught,—the money in art was the curse of it.



A CHEAP SKATE



THE CHARIOTS SHALL RAGE IN THE STREETS, THEY SHALL JOSTLE ONE AGAINST ANOTHER IN THE BROAD WAYS: THEY SHALL SEEM LIKE TORCHES, THEY SHALL RUN LIKE THE LIGHTNINGS.—*Nahum. Chap. II, v. 4.*

Whose?



PROFESSOR E. E. SLOSSON tells us that "A human life is nothing compared with a new fact in science."

Of course.

But does Professor Slosson propose giving his own life? Presumably not.

It becomes interesting to know what human life Professor Slosson has in mind. Is it the life of the pauper infant? Or is it the life of any patient in any

public hospital? Maybe such a life "is nothing compared with a new fact in science." We know how the medical profession regards the lives of dumb brutes who have no votes, and this knowledge has led to considerable anxiety among thoughtful citizens as to the "scientific" uses of charity patients. From animals to humans is a natural step. Hospital patients know this, and they are getting nervous.

Quite Appropriate

UPON leaving for home, Professor Ferrero sent the following telegram to President Roosevelt:

"At the moment of my leaving for Europe, I send you my sincere thanks for inviting me to take a voyage so instructive for me, and I express to you the hope that I may very soon see you in Italy."

One would think, however, that they had had quite enough of earthquakes in Italy.

Sporting Item

William R. Benét.

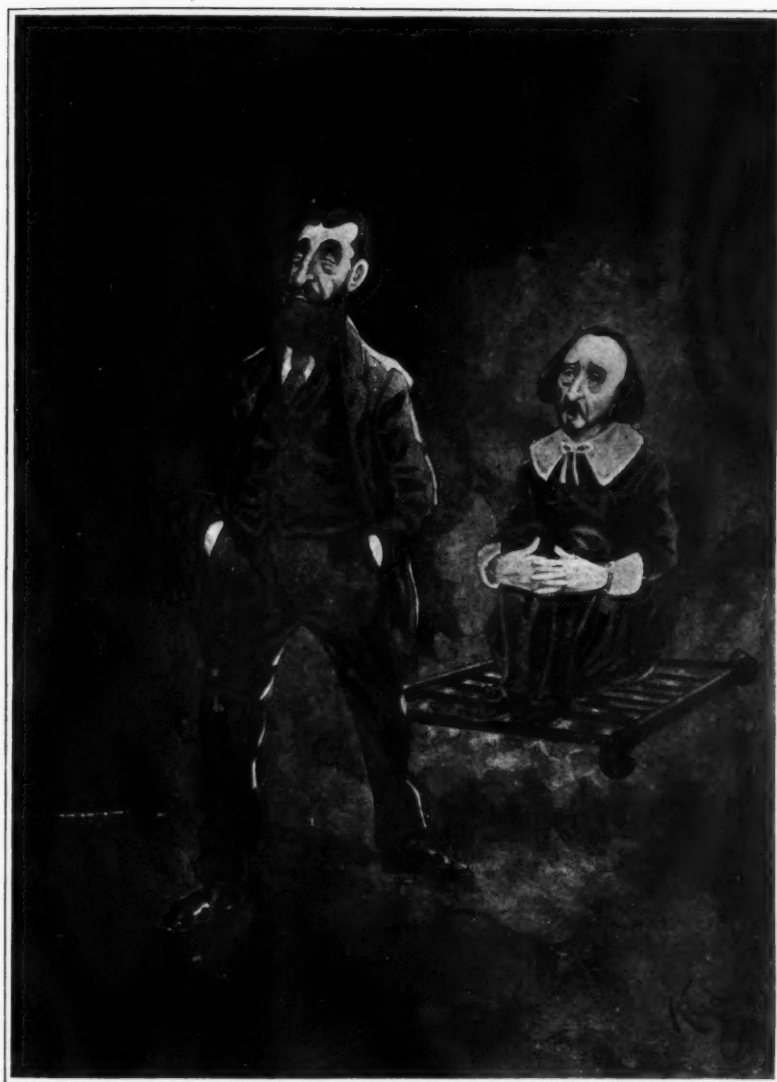
O'er the links, too snowy frore
For the game this time of year,

Can't you still a genial roar
Of unwearied fervor hear?
Unto heaven the cry of "Fore!"
Rings upon the listening ear.
See! the snow-bound courts no more
Echo Tennis Ted's career.

In their stead a zealous corps
To the chill Golf Club draws near.
S'sh! Across the fair-snow striding who is this who doth
appear?

Bet you Knox and Hitchcock know,
Icicled and cloaked with snow!
Look, they shiver as they caddy! All the Cabinet turns gray!
Look, they shiver as they caddy—teeth a-chatter as they
play!

They will want their beer to-day?
After this you bet they will! Ah, how bitterly they laughed!
For, 'tis needless quite to say,
They've been caddying for They've been caddy-
ing for!



G. B. SHAW CUTTING SHAKESPEARE IN HADES

LIFE'S Worst Novel Contest

LIFE announces with regret that the Worst Novel Contest has not excited the interest he anticipated. Whether all the novels of the year are regarded on the part of our readers as being equally hopeless, or whether the inducements offered were not sufficient to tempt anyone to read them and ascertain the fatal truth, will probably never be determined. The fact remains that out of the few replies received none seemed, in the judgment of the editors, to be worthy of publication.

Rather Undecided

SANDFORD: So you're in love with Miss Fairly? She's a decided blonde, isn't she?

CHAPPY: Well, er, I can't say that she's quite decided yet.

Feminine

THOUGH cherishing the loftiest ideals, she still retained something of the quality of her sex.

"Is it—er—perfectly safe for a woman to drive?" she faltered, hesitatingly, as she hitched her wagon to a star.



Our Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

THE bureau is so far behindhand in its orders that we must beg the indulgence of hundreds of husbands all over the country who are anxiously waiting to hear from us.

Please remember that our courses are limited, and that no applicant will be given preference just because his case is urgent. We have been obliged to make this rule for all, otherwise we should be unjust.

For instance we have just received this pathetic appeal:

"I have just heard of your bureau and hasten to ask your help. My wife recently developed an insane idea that a man has better luck at a servants' agency than a woman. The consequence of this is that I am obliged to spend most of my time looking for cooks. I am very dependent upon my home, and cannot bear the thought of being without a servant, whereas, my wife is so interested in bridge and the new styles that she doesn't seem to require food any more. Please do something for me at the earliest moment."

This gentleman will simply have to wait his turn. It is heartbreaking, of course, to keep our patrons waiting, but we can only assure them that we feel it as much as they do. Our reputation depends, however, in treating all alike.

There has been some confusion with regard to the number of courses that we have. While a complete list cannot be given at the present time—as we aim to treat each case individually—we will say for the benefit of many inquirers that our school is divided into four branches, namely,—The Young and Inexperienced Husband, The Middle-Aged Husband, The Old and Foxy Husband, and a Complete Course that takes the husband right along through all the stages.

The Young Husband Course takes hold of you from the moment the carriage door is shut on your honeymoon right up to the night that the first baby has an unexpected case of colic and the telephone is out of order and you can't get the doctor.

It comprises The Trained Nurse Period, The First Summer Vacation Period and The Buy-Your-Own-Home Period.



The Painless Process. A Vision of What Is to Come

SCENE: Rockefeller Institute.

TIME: Midnight.

(The outside gates have been closed, and all within is dark and silent. Suddenly there appears upon the scene a group of PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS, clad in their operating clothes.)

Opening Song. P's and S's.

We're a timid and truculent band,
With feelings well kept in abeyance;
We feed every dog from the hand,
And offer him free conveyance.
And we strap him down tight,
For 'tis (medically) right,
And although he's not sick
We cut him up quick—
Now the reason for this is all perfectly plain:
It's instructive, inductive and done without pain.

(Here steps forward DR. SLASHER, head of the clinic, who soliloquizes thus):

Dr. Slasher.

Yes! Without the slightest pain, of course. Some people have such a strange idea of our grand work. As if anybody had any right to an opinion who didn't have a medical diploma! But, I assure you, 'tis all done without pain.

(Dances and sings.)

Painless Solo. By Dr. Slasher.

If you have a little doggie who is faithful, fond and true,
Who gives his paw and lies and looks and wags his tail at you;
And you wish to make him useful, do not hesitate a bit,
But coax him here—with all of us he's bound to make a hit.
We'll pat him on his shaggy head and tie him firmly down,
We'll dig him in his little ribs, and do him up quite brown;
We'll tickle him with forceps—but I really must explain—
We do it all quite gently, and without the slightest pain.

CHORUS.

We are painless persons all,
We would have the public know,
We'll remove your brains or gall,
And a pair of lungs or so.
But it's painless, it's painless,
It doesn't hurt a mite;

Look pleasant while it's going on—
It's proper and it's right.

If you feel a slight compunction or a sickly sentiment,
Remember, 'tis your duty! Be quite willing to present
Countless canine contributions to the sacred cause of science,
Besides, we're your physicians, and your mainstay and reliance.
You must truckle as we tell you and must never, never doubt,
Or ask the slightest question as to what it's all about.
No! You must not dare to question, and, besides, let me explain,
When we mangle little doggies, 'tis without the slightest pain.

CHORUS.

We are painless persons quite,
And we never, never shrink,
When it's medically right,
Which it is (just see us wink!)
For it's painless, it's painless,
And it helps the human race.
We chloroform 'em every hour—
Step up and take your place.

(HE takes up several instruments of torture, together with steel knives, etc., and as HE juggles them up and down retires gracefully. HE is immediately succeeded by young DOCTOR CUTTER who carries around his waist a collection of dog collars arranged as trophies.)

Song of Superiority. Dr. Cutter.

If you're anxious for to shine in the scientific line, as a man of knowledge rare,
You must isolate the germs and in pompous sounding terms your preeminence declare.



THROWN OFF THE CENT

You must lie about the mazes of the antiseptic phases of your medicated state of mind.

The meaning doesn't matter, if it's anaesthetic chatter, of a high and mighty kind.

And the fearful ones will say,
As you stride your serumed way:

"If this great man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,

Why, what a singularly deep, deep thing can a vivisector be!"

Be eloquent in praise of the antitoxin ways which have not yet passed away.

And for every doctor's fad you must smile a smile that's glad, just as if it came to stay.

Of course you will resent all cheap sickly sentiment and declare it's crude and mean,

For whoever has a right any surgeon to indite as he wipes his scalpels clean.

And the doubtful ones will say,
As you walk your lordly way:

"If that's not cruel enough for him that is much too cruel for me;

Why, what a singularly scientific chap, this scientific chap must be!"

Then a sentimental passion for statistics (now in fashion), must excite your haughty spleen,

You must state the cures effected though the canines vivisected may everywhere be seen!

Though the "Philistines" may jostle you will rank as an apostle of the medicated trust,

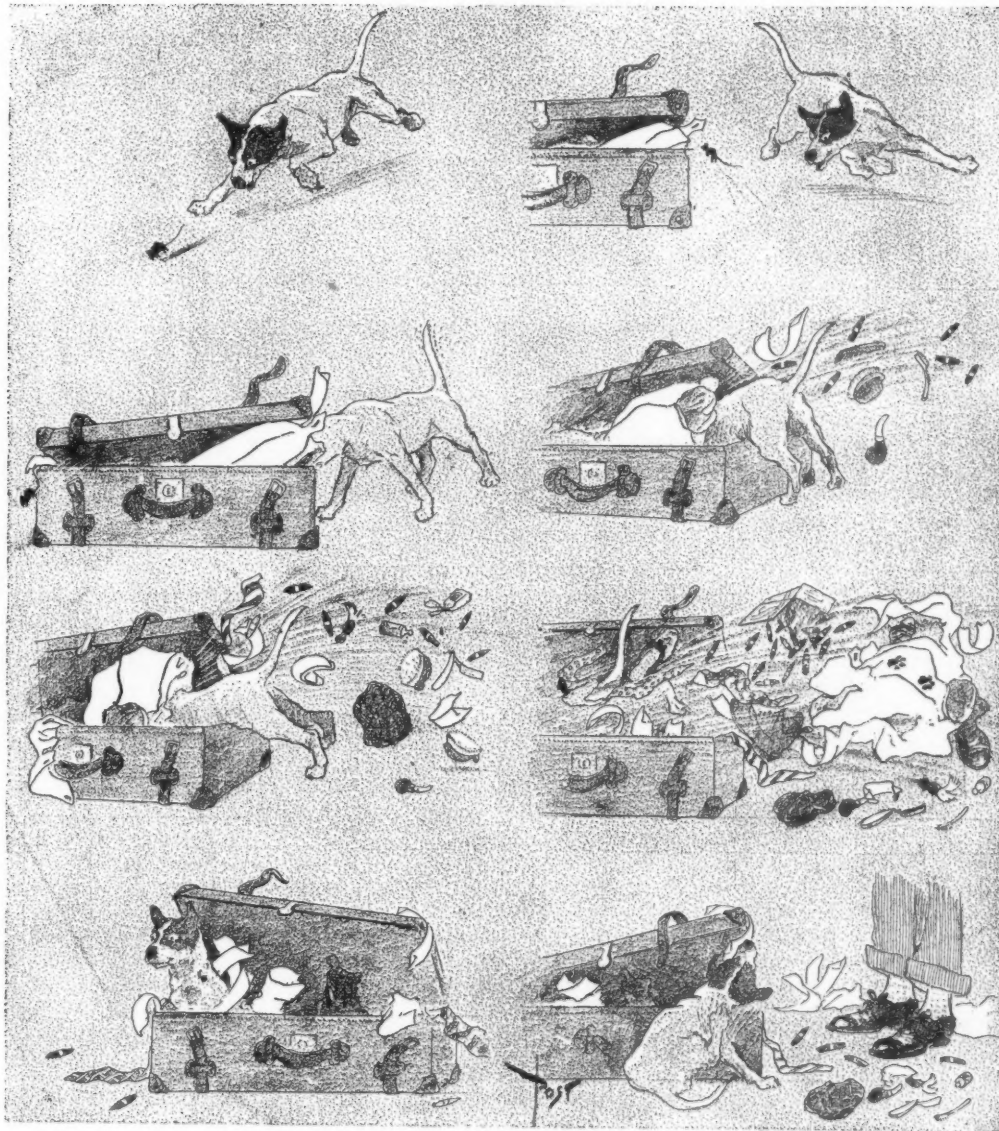
As you walk the legislature with your Latin nomenclature as a man of science must!

And everyone will say,
As you stride your germ proof way:

"If he's content to cut up dogs (which would certainly not suit me),

Why, what a particularly sharp young man this sharp young man must be!"

(At the conclusion of this song the lights suddenly grow dim. The ACTORS start back in dismay as two ghostly groups appear. One group is composed of little children and various other ghosts of human beings who have been done to death. The other group is composed of a number of dogs of all sizes and shapes, who march and counter-march solemnly to slow music from above.)



THE VISIT

MY DOG AND MY BROTHER-IN-LAW

*First Group of Little Children and
Other Victims.*

Softly sighing, softly sighing,
Sobs each bosom shakes.
All of us died prematurely—
Surgery's mistakes.
Sighing softly on the borders
Of the Kingdom Come,
We died by the "doctor's orders,"
Sound the muffled drum.

(The drum sounds dismally and as

the first group fades the second group
appears led by a Cocker Spaniel.)

Dirge of Dogs.

In a melancholy train,
Wagging many a solemn tail,
Glide we all now free from pain
As we chant our ghostly wail.

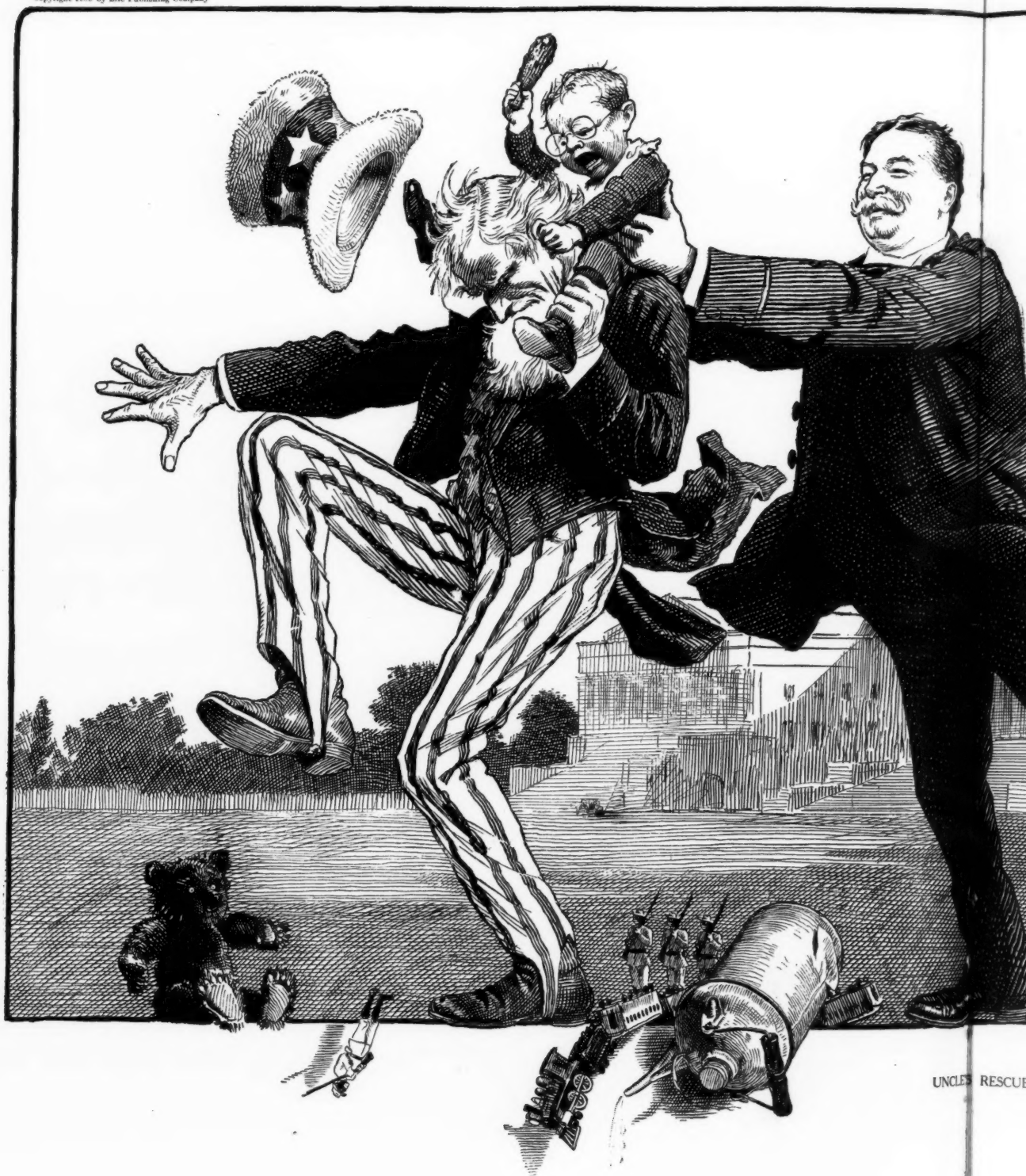
At the conclusion DOCTORS
SLASHER and CUTTER and their
ASSISTANTS, their eyes starting out
of their sockets, cry out and clasp one
another desperately. Then they suddenly
see the two groups come together, be-

tween them a ghostly operating table,
fitted up with every modern appliance.
And, overcome by the horrible vision,
they gradually faint away, listening to
the

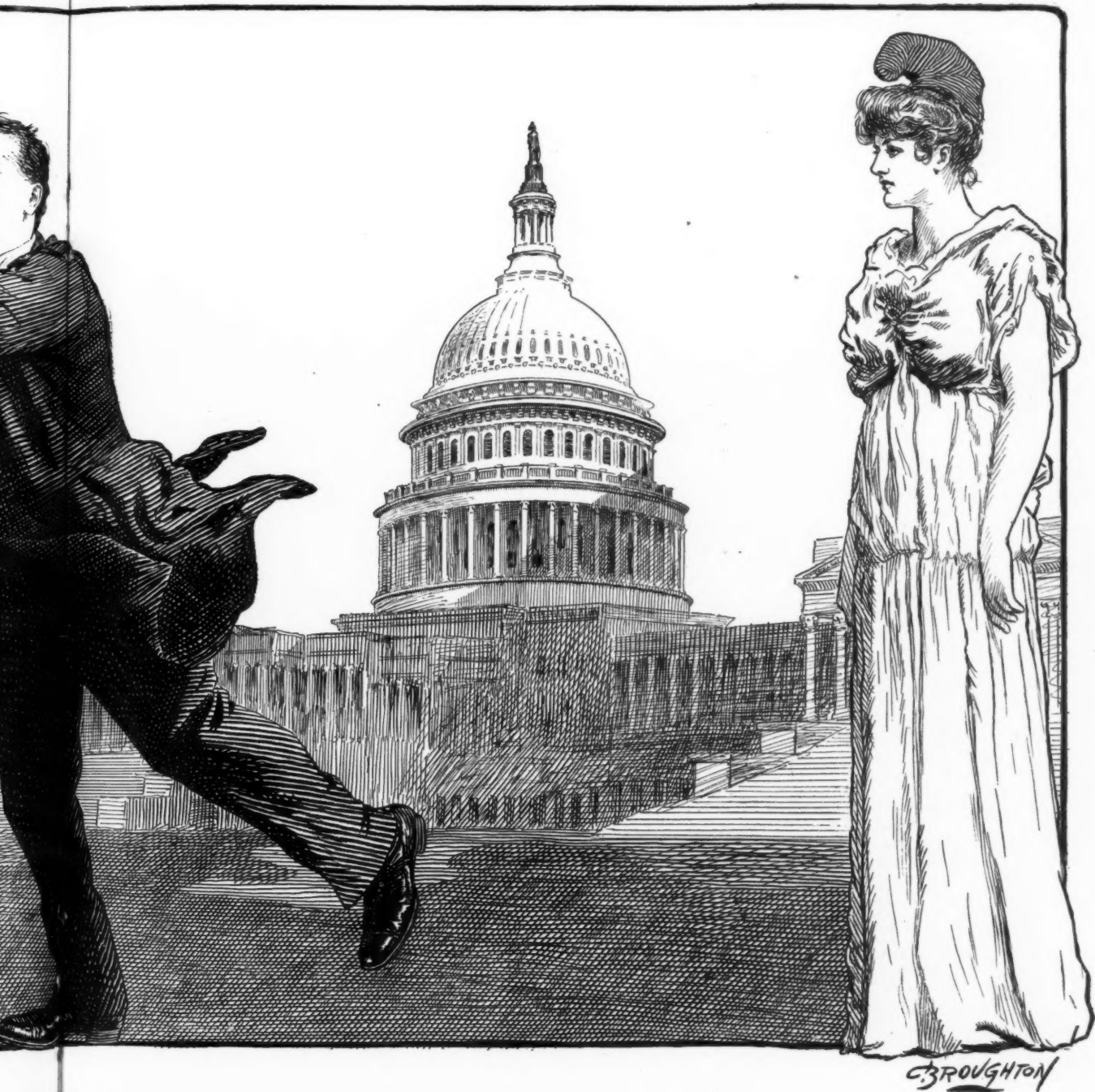
Concluding Song. By the Victims.

We are waiting, we are waiting,
Till your earthly job is through.
In the place where you are going
It will then be up to you.
Once on earth you had your pleasure—
Now your instruments are set
To return your fullest measure,
This is what you're going to get!

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UNCLE RESCUE



Socialism Will Prevail

When each one's contented with just what he's got,
When no one on earth wants to better his lot,
When no one can tell what's good and what's rot,
Then we'll all be quite happy, and again we may not.

J. S. M.



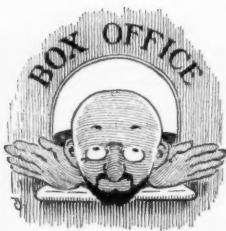
My, What a Lovely Spasm of Virtue!



OUR daily press is, as this is written, going through an awful attack of hysterics. One might think, if one were a guileless aborigine, that our newspapers have never before known of money-making managers offering meretricious entertainments to attract the silly, the evil-minded and the ignorant among the patrons of our theatres. For a long time LIFE has been able to note and comment on tendencies in the theatre which apparently have entirely escaped the knowledge of the argus-eyed and incorruptible daily press. Those tendencies, due to the concentration of theatrical control in unworthy hands, might have been checked if the daily press had not had its vision obscured and its voice weakened. Theatrical advertising and free tickets compose the ink-cloud this particular octopus has thrown out to obscure the view of the newspapers.

Just now there happen to be five leading theatres engaged at the same time in purveying entertainment subject to objection on moral grounds. And this is made the basis for a tremendous awakening of the newspaper conscience. If the coincidence happened to include only three theatres, the awakening might not have occurred. If the whole fifty-seven varieties of theatres had given themselves over to the same kind of entertainment, the newspaper outburst could not have been more violent. Which might indicate that the outburst is based not so much on principle as on the news value of the sensation. Also, that the indignation will last only so long as it contains news value. Therefore, it seems more hysterical than intended to be of real public service.

* * *



LIFE doesn't say that the newspapers have caused what they call the "wave of filth" on the stage. It only maintains that the newspapers could prevent such conditions better by going on, day after day, calmly telling the whole truth about the theatre than by any degree of violence in short-lived attacks of hysteria. But theatrical conditions rest on a number of contributory causes, chief among which are a silly public, a silent press and managers who will do anything for money. Of these the press is the most important as a deterrent influence because it can, if it will, do much to curb the tendencies of the other two.

However, let us be thankful even for the hysterics. It



TO KEEP OUR IRON SKYSCRAPERS FROM WARPING.

may show the newspaper-owners that when they stand together they need not fear the loss of theatrical advertising. If, in the present instance, only one journal had spread the great discovery of the declining tendency of theatrical morals, that sheet might have been made the subject of managerial discipline. As it is, the managers, who are wise in their generation, are bowing their heads to the storm, knowing that it will soon pass over and the good old sunshiny days, when they may do as they please with their own, will finally return.

Even short hysterics may also help toward the gradual better adjustment of conditions. They teach something to the public, something to the managers and perhaps something to the owners of the newspapers themselves. At the same time the hysterics do not seem to have closed any of the objectionable shows. Is newspaper influence declining?

* * *

The commercial side of the theatre and the commercial side of the press never seem to have trouble. The trouble comes when the former tries to butt in on art and the latter on honesty of opinion and expression.

LATELY poetry has not been so popular on the stage as it once was. Perhaps we have no real poets. Perhaps the poets we have do not know enough about the drama. Perhaps we have no public capable of appreciating or enjoying a real dramatic poem or poetic drama if they saw one. Perhaps our stage has become so realistic that verse is no longer able to meet its requirements. Any number of perhapses might be suggested to account for the situation. Rostand is the latest of the lyre-beaters to hold our attention, but he came to us in English guise, heralded and advertised by a foreign success and equipped with a novel theme to pique our curiosity. Since him Stephen Phillips, Percy Mackaye, Maeterlinck and Charles Rann Kennedy have piped to our theatregoers and the latter have not danced up to the box-office in paying numbers.

With these discouraging facts and precedents Mary Johnston was a brave woman, or something else, to try to dress up the well-worn dramatic theme of the Reign of Terror in metre and rhyme to hurl at theatrical audiences of this century and generation. Her daring is the greater in that she has no membership card in the poets' union, and has not been a top-liner in the anthologies that are given away with instalment subscriptions to the dollar magazines. She has written successful novels which have been dramatized with only a moderate degree of success.

All things considered, it is remarkable that she made any success at all in "The Goddess of Reason." It is not to be denied that, in spite of the weariness that authors who enjoy their own fine-writing inflict on defenceless audiences, the play contains some musical passages, some effective speeches and some scenes which gain force from the fact that they are lifted out of plain prose. But in the main the theme does not profit by this kind of a verbal setting. Great tragedies, and the world has known few greater than this plunging of a whole race of men and women into a bath of blood, need majestic measure, which must be something more than mere poetry, even if it be good poetry measured by the standards of the day. "The Goddess of Reason" falls a long way short of impressiveness as literary literature.

Mary Johnston's play had all the advantage of excellent scenic settings. Although the place was Nantes instead of Paris, the *carmagnole*, prison and tri-

bunal scenes were those made familiar in historical pictures and in other plays of the French Revolution. And Julia Marlowe never looked better or acted with more force. Had not the denunciation speech at the end of the third act run counter to the sympathies of her hearers she would have carried them off their feet. It was as fine a piece of feminine invective as one would care to hear. Mr. White Whittlesey, as the aristocrat in love with the revolutionary country girl, was distinguished in bearing and read his lines intelligently and musically.

"The Goddess of Reason" is of more value as a vehicle for Julia Marlowe's acting than as a contribution to the poetry or the plays of the stage.



and Mr. James T. Powers, the comedian, revived by a considerable absence from Broadway. The books, lines, etc., are as per the usual schedule. The score is rather daintier than usual, even for an importation from the London Gaiety. One especially fetching number is entitled "Hello, People," and is addressed directly to the audience by the aforesaid octette. The piece also brings back to Broadway Miss Eva Davenport, the female comedian particularly adapted by nature not to wear a sheath gown.

"Havana" will be found more than usually delicate and will be well liked by the audiences who seem never to tire of liking the kind of entertainment that pieces like "Havana" provide.

Metcalf.



Academy of Music—Last week of Mr. David Warfield in "The Music Master." Delightfully acted pathetic comedy.

Astor—"The Man from Home." Laughable presentation of the superiority of American brains to those of Europe.

Belasco—"The Fighting Hope." Good company headed by Blanche Bates in well presented contemporary drama.

Bijou—"A Gentleman from Mississippi." The funny side of Senatorial life in Washington.

"HAVANA" is a musical play (serial number 11,467, if we are not mistaken), with a list of composers, authors and lyricists almost as numerous as the cast, which is a large one. Its principal features are an especially dainty octette of young and female persons,



OUR NEW ONE-HUNDRED-THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL. THE FIRST OF THE ISSUE.

Broadway—"A Stubborn Cinderella." Mediocre musical comedy.

Casino—"Havana." London musical play. See opposite.

Circle—"The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Low grade musical farce.

Criterion—Last week of "Samson." The French stock market utilized as the Nemesis of matrimonial wrongdoing.

Daly's—Miss Julia Marlowe in "The Goddess of Reason." See opposite.

Empire—"What Every Woman Knows." Maude Adams and excellent support interpreting Mr. Barrie's delightful fun.

Garrick—"The Patriot." Slender comedy enlivened by Mr. William Collier's ability as a laughmaker.

Hackett—Grace George in "A Woman's Way." Notice later.

Herald Square—"The Return of Eve." Notice later.

Hippodrome—Circus, pleasing ballet and impressive spectacle based on the conquest of the air.

Hudson—"The Third Degree." Impressive up-to-date drama with police methods as its motive.

Lyric—"The Blue Mouse." Very open-work farce adapted from the German by Mr. Clyde Fitch.

Majestic—"The Three Twins." Amusing farce with musical features.

Manhattan Opera House—The Oscanian grand opera.

Marine Elliott's Theatre—Carlotta Nillson in "This Man and This Woman." Notice later.

Savoy—Mr. Wilton Lackaye in "The Battle." Two aspects of socialism sugar-coated with drama.

Stuyvesant—"The Easiest Way." Admirably written and acted play with unsavory basis.

Weber's—"The Girl from Rector's." Stupid farce.

Wallack's—Fanny Ward in "The New Lady Bantock." Notable mainly for the excellent acting of Mr. Charles Cartwright.



La Muse S'Amuse

THE annual banquet of the Musical Critics took place on one of the wildest nights of the year. A terrible storm raged without, the wind had torn great sheets of tin off the roof and it rattled furiously, sleet dashed against the window panes, bricks fell from the chimneys and the harsh, incessant bang of swinging shutters was ear-splitting.

"I wish it wouldn't do that," said the toastmaster, starting nervously. "It sounds as if Richard Strauss were composing a new opera, and I had hoped that we could all have a quiet evening together without any suggestion of shop."

During a fervent assent from his fellow banqueters the door was thrown open and there entered slowly a mysterious, veiled figure.

"Dear madame," cried the toastmaster, raising hastily. "might I ask—"

The lady imposed silence with one sweeping, majestic gesture. "I," she said, in a voice slightly muffled by chiffon, "am the muse of Richard Strauss. Really, I may say without vanity that it is I who have put him up to all his little tricks. He was studying in the old classic forms when I said to him:

"Richard, be brilliant to the point of spontaneous combustion, be eccentric beyond the last undreamed of outposts of insanity, be audacious to the degree of having all the musical critics in the world sitting up on their hind legs and asking each other and the universe, 'Am this art?'"

"But, dear lady," besought one of the M. C.'s, "is it absolutely necessary that you give a symphonic poem the local color of a Donnybrook Fair? When you whisper to Richard's soul could you not lower your voice a little now and then? Our poor heads—"

"Nonsense," interrupted the muse, "I am happy to say that my voice is steadily gaining in volume. Look at 'Elektra!' It was my idea, by the way, to have Richard make impossible demands upon the instruments and the human voice. A salient point to advertise. Oh!" she drew back shudderingly, "I didn't mean that. We live for art alone, Richard and I. But," ominously, "let me disclose the real purpose of my visit. I wish to inform you gentlemen that I have been so irritated by your attitude toward our music, the music of the future, that I am sending Salome to dance before Governor Hughes for your heads."

White and trembling the critics fell on their knees before her.

"What can I offer you in lieu of my life?" cried one. "Alas! unlike Herod, I have no 'white peacocks,' but here are canvas back ducks."

"And I have no 'great emerald,'" said another, "but might I suggest some green chartreuse?"

"And I have no 'mantle of the high priest' to bestow," murmured a third, "but I might be able to get you Oscar Hammerstein's hat."

"I wish none of them," returned the muse, scornfully. "No, I desire instead three or four columns about Richard and myself in the morning papers, and please get in the words, 'decadent, unspeakable, degenerate, unmentionable, etc.,' just as often as you can. I wouldn't use 'sewer' or

'sewage,' because William Winter has the exclusive copyright on those for his critical essays on Ibsen. And can't you hustle about and get a commission for pure music appointed? They would probably exclude ours and it would be a splendid thing for us, for, gentlemen, you all know Richard's greed of gold."

Then with a gay little laugh the muse began shedding her seven veils.

"Why, it's Mary Garden!" cried the critics in unison, as her head with the famous baretté emerged. "Our dear Mary!"

"I couldn't resist the opportunity," she explained. "Some patiently acquire the art of advertisement, others struggle for it, but a few like Oscar and myself advertise as naturally, as spontaneously, as constantly as the bird pours forth his lyric notes from the bough."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

Phyllis Abstains

AH, Lent's a dreary time at best, with nothing doing in the town,
Society in sombre garb and rectors toning Satan down;
But I'd no quarrel with those days of penitence; indeed, sometimes
I've felt a bit contrite myself on hearing those clear, dulcet chimes
Calling fair sinners to their prayers, bidding a recreant world make haste
To gain the sanctified retreat wherein its sins might be erased;
But now I heed them not at all, howe'er they call appealingly—
"You must abstain," the rector said, and Phyllis now abstains from—me.

"It's only forty days," she said, "and I am yours for all the rest.
In Lent, my dear, the rector says, one must give up what one loves best,
Abstain from every worldly thing; and *you* are worldly, aren't you?
Besides, it's but a test," she cried, "whether or not your love rings true."
No plea of mine availed against the rector's ban on worldly taint;
'Twas her obsession (great word, that), and thus it was my pretty saint
In chastened mood and heart contrite took up her role as devotee,
Dismissing pomps and vanities, beneath which head she barred out me.

Surely that rector graced his robes! Lofty of brow, a soulful gaze,
Six feet of sweetness and of light: sometimes one sees at matinees
Such deities the idol of a throng of femininity—
And to the rector Phyllis paid devotions afternoons at three.
In 'tending souls so ardent was the rector's zeal that ere Lent waned
I found a Phyllis lost to me, and what I'd lost the rector gained.
Prate to me not of keeping Lent! Phyllis, immune to every plea,
Kept Lent and kept the rector, too! That's why she now abstains from me.

Arthur D. Pratt.

The Small Investor

SUCH a thing as sporting blood seems to be unknown to the veins of the small investor. He wants the same consideration as if he were not small. How fresh! How puerile! How naive! How deliciously ingenuous! The small investor takes the bait of the bediamonded, white-waist-coated promoter, and buys stock which is nothing but a waste of good paper and ink, and then expects to be treated just as well as a financier who has robbed a bank to get control of the stock in question and put up the job. Oh, fie, small investor. Do not ask us for assistance. Even if we should make laws to cover your present difficulties, you are so easy that you would go right off and get into more mischief. Come, brace up and take your medicine.

Democracy

AT a recent dinner in New York a gentleman referring to the Interstate Commerce Commission, offered the following generalization as a contribution to the literature of democracy: "If any body of men has the power to interfere with the individual, then the power of the state passes to hands more powerful than itself."

Undoubtedly the gentleman knew what he meant, but if a part of the state is more powerful than the whole state, then the state is not so powerful as it would be if it did not have so many parts, and vice versa. This thought is suggested to college debating societies. The form of the question should be: The Simple State vs. The Simple Statement.

Silence

SILENCE is a language understood in every country.

Were silence to be enforced on all of us for a single day, the fools would go mad. The wise would talk less thereafter.

Silence, in the shallow man, means that he is out of breath.

A man is known by the silence he keeps.

A silent man may not be thinking; but the burden of proof is not on him.

To be silent in company is to invite the suspicion that "you have something on your mind." The reason is obvious.

Freeman Tilden.

CONSIDERATE LITTLE GIRL:

Please, Mr. Keeper, will it hurt the elephant if I give him a currant out of my bun?

CUPID figures as the janitor in the majority of air castles.



THE AMERICAN HUSBAND

A WINTER STUDY OF THIS INTERESTING CREATURE



Her Happy Retorts

"I remember," says Mrs. Cornwallis West (Lady Randolph Churchill), in her recently published memoirs, "having an amusing passage-at-arms with my host (Sir William Harcourt), Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain. My three radical friends, having been told of my artistic efforts, chaffingly implored me to hand them down to posterity by painting their portraits. 'Why refuse to paint us? Where can you find more attractive or noble models? Come, here is a chance to immortalize yourself and us.' 'Impossible,' I cried. 'I should fail; I could never paint you black enough.'"

This was the reply sent to Lady Randolph by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whom she had asked to lunch. It came in the form of a telegram:

"Certainly not. What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?"

To which Lady Randolph replied:

"Know nothing of your habits. Hope they are not as bad as your manners."—*The Wasp*.

At Last

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."—*Christian Advocate*.

Insane

HOWARD: He's crazy on the subject of aerial navigation.

HATTIE: A balloonatic.—*Catholic News*.



A CORN CRIB

The Poet and the Oracle

By Helicon he sat and fished—
Or was it by Parnassus?
However that may be, he fished
And hoped to catch Pegasus.

P.S.

A poet with less sense of shame
Than rhyme calls Peg by any name.

And when he didn't get a bite,
He took his fishing tackle
To Delphi, where he interviewed
The wonderful Oracle.

P.S.

A poet, for his rhyme's sake, must
Perfect his consonance or bust.

He handed in a tale of woe
About his rhyme and meter
With other thorns along his path,
And blamed it on Jupiter.

P.S.

A poet should be pardoned if
He hits orthoepy a biff.

The Pythia told him good and hard
To go to Helicon or
To Parnassus,—which it was,
Upon my sacred honor
I do not know. I only know
That somewhere in his tackle
The Pythia found his bait and souse?
The whole goldarned Oracle.

L'ENVOI

A poet's sometimes such a *rue*
He sees no virtue in Bacchus.

—W. J. Lampton in *Lippincott's*.

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

Saw Him First

About the year 1707 William Penn became heavily involved in a lawsuit, and the author of a recent biography, entitled "Quaker and Courtier," says that he was greatly in fear—under the laws of the day—of being arrested. Many noble personages were in the same plight, but no other, it is believed, resorted to Penn's expedient in meeting the situation.

In the door of his London house he had a peeping-hole made, through which he could see any person who came to him. A creditor one day sent in his name, and having been made to wait more than a reasonable time, knocked for the servant, and asked him:

"Will not your master see me?"

"Friend, he has seen thee," replied the servant, calmly, "and does not like the looks of thee."—*Youth's Companion*.

MR. TAFT'S striking personal appearance will save any visitor such an experience as fell to the lot of Gen. Jason L. Brown, of Missouri, who once went to the White House to give the newly elected executive some pointers about his cabinet. While he was waiting in the ante-room he accosted a man who had just come into the room and was glancing over a paper. "I suppose that you are here on the same errand that I am," he remarked. "I don't know," replied the stranger, pleasantly, "what errand are you on?" "I'm going to tell that old chump in there how to fix his cabinet." "No, I can't say that I am on that errand." "Maybe you ain't a politician?" "No," returned the stranger, politely, "I'm the old chump." General Brown was not in the new cabinet.—*Argonaut*.

Expert Testimony

"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes, Judge, and he can drink like a fish."—*Harper's Weekly*.

MEDICAL STUDENT: What did you operate on that man for?

EMINENT SURGEON: Two hundred dollars.

MEDICAL STUDENT: I mean, what did he have?

EMINENT SURGEON: Two hundred dollars.—*The Christian Register*.

Directions for Washing AMERICAN HOSIERY Underwear

UNSHRINKABLE

Ribbed

TO retain the elasticity and shape of ribbed garments, soak for half an hour in warm water, and then wash by squeezing suds through the garments by hand, avoiding all rubbing.

Use no caustic soap, washing powders, or chemicals.

Rinse thoroughly in warm water, and run through the wringer lengthwise.

Stretch to proper length before drying, and iron when slightly damp.

Nine Highest Awards.

Be sure
this label
is on the
garment

"NO BETTER
IN THE WORLD"
AMERICAN HOSIERY
UNDERWEAR

TRADE MARK

For men, women and children.

AMERICAN HOSIERY COMPANY
108 and 110 Franklin Street, New York

Like Legal Tender

A package of Uneeda Biscuit is always a fair exchange for its cost, because Uneeda Biscuit are the best of all soda crackers. They are not expensive; on the contrary, Uneeda Biscuit is one of the least expensive of foods. There is no waste. There is most nourishment. Always fresh and crisp. Never stale. No broken crackers. Always whole and inviting. There can be no better soda crackers than

Uneeda Biscuit

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



THE BLACKBIRDS

"THIS BEAUTY TREATMENT CERTAINLY WORKS
WONDERS!"

The Pessimist

A hard-looking citizen, who showed every indication of having made a night of it and then some, walked along Beacon street, in Boston, and sat down wearily upon one of the marble steps of a handsome residence.

The owner of the house, at a lower window, watched him for some time as he sat with his bewhiskered chin sunk upon his breast, in an attitude of dejection, an expression of utter disgust upon his face. At last he opened his mouth and said in a husky and cantankerous voice:

"To hell mit the Church! To hell mit the Pope! To hell mit everybody—'cept Rosie!"

There was another long silence. Then suddenly he arose and said defiantly as he walked away:

"To hell mit Rosie!"—*Lippincott's*.

Letting the Cat Out

"Say, grandpa, make a noise like a frog," coaxed little Tommy.

"What for, my son?"

"Why, papa says, that when you croak we'll get five thousand dollars."—*Success*.

20th Century Limited

"It Saves a Business Day"

From Wall Street, New York,
to La Salle Street, Chicago, in
18 Hours.



The above can be done every day in the year.
You needn't even take along an umbrella if it's raining, for you do not pass from under the protection of a roof all the way.
And then you can sleep perfectly all night, for the road is water level.
This train saves millions of dollars every year for New York and Chicago business men.

Leave New York . . . 3.30 p.m.
Arrive Chicago . . . 8.30 a.m.

Leave Chicago . . . 2.30 p.m.
Arrive New York . . . 9.30 a.m.



"America's Greatest Railway System"

Tickets and Sleeping-Car Accommodations

Railroad and Pullman tickets delivered by special representative on request from our offices:
1216 Broadway, New York, Phone 6310 Madison, and 180 Clark St., Chicago, Phone 1661 Harrison.



Biblical Matters

The doubt of a University of Chicago professor whether King Solomon, as the husband of seven hundred wives, is the best authority for the world of to-day upon such domestic matters as the treatment of children, reminds one of a story told so often by that great English prelate, Archbishop Magee. A Gloucestershire lady was reading the Old Testament to an aged woman who lived at the home for old people, and chanced upon the passage concerning Solomon's household.

"Had Solomon really seven hundred wives?" inquired the old woman, after reflection.

"Oh, yes, Mary! It is so stated in the Bible."

"Lor, mum!" was the comment. "What privileges them early Christians had!"—*Judge*.

Good lubrication is essential to the life of an Automobile.
Use PANHARD OIL—It's standard.

His Wish

Although there was no toy for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day, when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold; mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

"No, indeed!" said Harold, scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."—*Youth's Companion*.

A Compromise

CORPULENT SUITOR (on his knees): If you will not accept my offer, at least help me up.—*Megendorfer Blaetter*.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Point

At a dinner during the recent Episcopal convention at Richmond a young lady sitting near the Bishop of London said to him: "Bishop, I wish you would set my mind at rest as to the similarity or dissimilarity between your country and ours on one point. Does the butterfly because the tomato can?" The bishop laughed heartily at this vivacious sally. Not so a young Englishman of his party, who, after dinner sought his host. "I want to know, you know," said he, "about that joke of Miss B's. She asked if the butter flew because the tomatoes could. Pray tell me what the point is."—*Christian Register*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

Directions for Amateurs

The amateur always has a hard time of it, and the amateur appreciator of his friend's artistic attempts is no exception to this rule. Fortunately a writer in the Munich *Jugend* has discovered and published five signs which should be very helpful to all who have to criticize pictures. They are as follows:

1. If the artist paints the sky gray and the grass black, he belongs to the good old classical school.
2. If he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he is a realist.
3. If he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he is an impressionist.
4. If he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple, he is a colorist.
5. If he paints the sky black and the grass red, he shows possession of great decorative talent.

—*Youth's Companion*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"It's purity has made it famous"



Life Aboard Ship The Life of Ease

enjoyed by taking a trip of

A Hundred Golden Hours at Sea

on the luxurious and magnificent 10,000 ton

Southern Pacific Steamships

Weekly between

New York and New Orleans

Elegant accommodations and superior cuisine

Rate, including berth and meals, \$35.00 one way; \$60.00 round trip

Connecting at New Orleans with rail lines for points Southwest, Middlewest and Pacific Coast

Send to-day for booklet "A Hundred Golden Hours at Sea."

L. H. Nutting, G. P. A., 349 Broadway, New York

How to Serve Grape Fruit

IMPORTANT TO SEE THAT IT IS ABBOTT'S BITTERS

A new and better way. Remove core, loosen fruit from the peel, add a teaspoonful of ABBOTT'S BITTERS to half a grape fruit and sugar to suit taste. Gives exquisite flavor and adds greatly to the appetizing and tonic effect of the fruit. Every lover of good things will enjoy grape fruit served in this manner.

You will be satisfied with the products of

Burpee's "Seeds that Grow"

Shall we mail you our New Complete Catalog?

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Burpee Building, Philadelphia.

Lackayeisms

Barrymore, though singularly gifted, was exceedingly careless of his great talents, and this well known fact was embodied in Lackaye's verse, which was the reply to an exclamation of Barrymore's. The subject of conversation at their part of the banquet table happened to be "epitaphs," and the latter, with semi-serious expression and languid air, remarked to Lackaye:

"Ah! I wonder what my epitaph will be?"

Quick as thought, Lackaye picked up the menu card of the other, and on the back of it scribbled the lines which have become a classic:

"He talked beneath the moon,
He slept beneath the sun,
He lived a life of going-to-do—
And died with nothing done."

Neither friend nor enemy of Lackaye is immune to a thrust from the point of his sharp humor, and his brother actors all come in for a share, though he is well pleased also whenever they can get back at him. Concerning some reference made to the recent marriage of Nat Goodwin—so many times a bridegroom—Lackaye remarked:

"If Nat were a woman, his left hand would look as though equipped with a set of brass knuckles."

Lackaye is sympathetic—in his own way, however—and the following is an example: Goodwin was bemoaning his failure in *Shylock*, and telling Lackaye how the public had actually laughed at his serious Shakespearean work. "But I'm not ticked yet," he exclaimed, brightening up; "I'm,



TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

Soup is Our Business.

The making of **Franco-American Soups** is our specialty and has been for years.

Our standard of quality is so high that we officially test each day's output, rejecting the entire quantity upon the slightest variation in flavor.

That is the reason why our soups are so uniformly good.

"Our Kitchen, always open to visitors, is our best advertisement."

Those unable to come will receive an illustrated book of description, sent free on request.

21 kinds sold by Grocers everywhere
in Quart, Pint and Half-Pint Tins.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.
JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J.

ST. PATRICK DAY FAVORS



Irish Lassie Figure, Irish Boy Figure, 4 1/2 inches high, 10c. each. Irish "Biddy" Figure with Flag, 15c. Irishman on Potato (box), 25c. Grotesque Irish Head (box), 5c., 15c. Irish Green Pigs (boxes), 5c., 10c., 25c. "Murphies," Irish Potatoes (box), 15c., 30c. Green Irish High Hat (box) with Pipe, 15c. Midget size, 10c. Green Frogs (boxes), 10c., 20c. Green Silk Heart (box) with Gold Harp, 25c. Green Dress Suit Case (box) 10c. Favor Book (box), "History of Ireland," 15c. Green Crepe Paper Box with Silk Harp, 25c. Irish Shillelagh, 5c., 25c. Green Silk Harps, Green Metal Pliable Snakes, Green Snake Bracelets, 10c. Miniature Clay Pipe on Pin, Miniature Wood Hogs, Green Cotton Frogs on Pin, Green Frog (jointed), on elastic, Green Pig on Pin, Shamrocks in Clay Pot, 5c. Paper Folding Irish High Hat, 10c. each. Green Silk Shamrocks, 15c. doz. Paper Green Hearts, 1 1/2 inches, 20c. doz. St. Patrick Buttons, 30c. doz. Silk Irish Pin Flags, 5c. Paper Irish Pin Flags, 15c. doz. Irish Silk Ribbon (10 yards), 25c. piece. Silk Irish Flags, mounted, 2x3 inches, 5c.; 4x6 inches, 10c. Green Ivy Leaf Dillies, 5, 6, 7 and 8 inches, 25c., 30c., 35c. and 40c. per doz. Irish Green Snapping Mottoes, 50c., \$1.00 per box. Shamrock Design Paper Napkins, 40c. package. Shamrock Ice Cream Cases, 75c. per doz. Irish Rose Cases, Ice Cream size, \$1.80 doz. Salted Nut size, 90c. doz. Green Paper Irish Baskets, Ice Cream or Salted Nut size, 30c. St. Patrick Jack Horner Pie, 12 Ribbons, \$3.50. St. Patrick Tally Cards, 30c. doz. Dinner Cards, 40c. doz. Party Invitations, 35c. doz.

Complete Catalogue of Favors for all occasions Free on Request.
All goods should be sent by Express. We do not pay mail charges.

B. SHACKMAN & CO., Dept. 22, 812 Broadway, New York



in fact, getting ready to play *Nick Bottom*, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*."

"Good for you, Nat," exclaimed Lackaye, then, with keen meaning, added: "There's a Shakespearean role that you can play in which they'll not laugh at you."

Lackaye was one of a group at the Lambs when Arnold Daly referred to his proposed trip abroad, not long ago. The young actor made known his intention of calling upon George Bernard Shaw, some of whose plays Daly had produced. He purposed giving the satirist playwright his opinion concerning some things of mutual interest, and "having it out" with that famous manipulator of words. "In fact," exclaimed Daly, hotly, "I propose to give him a good calling down."

"Well," drawled Lackaye, "perhaps he deserves it; but, my boy, close and lock the door so that no one will hear what he has to say to you."

Daly tried to turn the laugh with an assumption of mock fear, saying:

"But how would I get out if Shaw should lose his temper?"

"Through the keyhole," replied Lackaye, "for you'll be quite small enough when Shaw gets through with you."—*The Clipper*.

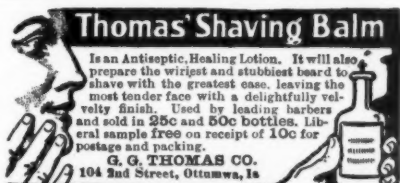
Wrongly Blamed

MOTHER: Tommy, are you teaching the parrot to swear?

TOMMY: No mother; I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.—*Harper's Weekly*.



IF WE WERE TO JUDGE BY SOUND



Thomas' Shaving Balm

Is an Antiseptic, Healing Lotion. It will also prepare the wiriest and stubbiest beard to shave with the greatest ease, leaving the most tender face with a delightfully velvety finish. Used by leading barbers and sold in 25c and 50c bottles. Liberal sample free on receipt of 10c for postage and packing.

G. G. THOMAS CO.
104 2nd Street, Ottumwa, Ia

Why

Hubert Henry Davies, the playwright, who has spent much time in London, tells of an amusing interview between the owner of a publication in the British capital, whereof George Bernard Shaw had been the dramatic critic, and Max Beerbohm, on the occasion of the latter's assumption of the duties laid down by G. B. S.

The owner advised Max of the salary that had been paid George Bernard, observing at the same time:

"Being comparatively inexperienced, you, Mr. Beerbohm, cannot, of course, expect so much."

"Oh, yes, I shall!" hastily interposed Max.

"Indeed, I shall expect more! Shaw knows the drama so thoroughly that it is an easy matter for him to write of it, whereas I, knowing nothing whatever about it, shall find it dreadfully hard work!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

"In a pinch use Allen's Foot-Ease."

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

THERE is a story of Carlyle in his old age having taken the following farewell, in his broadest Scotch, of a young friend who had had him in charge for walks, and who, while almost always adapting himself to Carlyle's mood, had on a single occasion ventured to disagree with him: "I would have you to know, young man, that you have the capacity of being the greatest bore in Christendom."—*Argonaut*.

Where Automobile Manufacturers Place Their Advertising

COLLIER'S has made a place for itself with every one interested in the automobile. By pen and picture it has stimulated the industry and this is why among magazines Collier's has maintained a particularly strong position during the past six years, leading all mediums every year excepting one. (See table below.)

COLLIER'S is worthy of the minute study of every automobile advertiser who seeks a broad, national market. It invites inquiry and the opportunity to submit more facts which can not fail to be interesting.

The readers of Collier's pay over \$2,500,000 a year in subscriptions. This is the largest subscription income obtained by any publication. Our readers can and do afford the best.

The figures show the total number of agate lines of automobile advertising published by the five leading mediums during the past six years:

1903	Lines	1904	Lines
Collier's	30,585	Collier's	32,503
S. E. Post	23,505	S. E. Post	29,030
McClure's	20,136	McClure's	26,244
Harper's	18,098	Harper's	22,396
Scribner's	16,453	Life	20,350
1905	Lines	1906	Lines
Life	45,378	Collier's	45,956
Collier's	45,239	Life	38,691
McClure's	33,480	McClure's	36,116
S. E. Post	31,548	Everybody's	27,188
Harper's	29,568	Century	26,614
1907	Lines	1908	Lines
Collier's	50,591	Collier's	36,511
Life	43,908	S. E. Post	32,027
Country Life	29,172	Life	31,054
McClure's	27,566	McClure's	18,161
Scientific American	25,133	Everybody's	17,753

They show how the Automobile industry ranks the leading advertising mediums.



Collier's
The National Weekly

E. C. PATTERSON
Advertising Manager

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CHICAGO

He Knew

They were country people pure and simple, but they had read the papers and thought they were educated up to all the improvements of a city.

When they went to Washington they went through the Navy Department and saw the models of our ships of war. Pointing to a companion ladder hanging over the side of one of the boats, she asked her better half what it was.

"Oh, that's the fire escape," replied the husband.—Lippincott's.

KENILWORTH INN BILTMORE, N. C.

20 hours from New York.
Adjoins Geo. Vanderbilt's famous estate. Always Open. New management. Ideal climate. Riding, Driving, Golf, Tennis.
NO CONSUMPTIVES.

Accounted For

Henry Farman, the aviator, during his American visit seemed as much impressed with the diminutive proportions of some of New York's flats as with the height of her skyscrapers or the immensity of her hotel bills.

"I visited a Brooklyn aeronautical experimenter the other night," said Mr. Farman to a reporter, "and his flat was the smallest I've seen yet. It showed me the point of a joke I once heard an American make. I laughed then at this joke, which I had heard two years before.

"Smith, of Brooklyn,' I said to my American friend, 'doesn't strike me as at all literary, yet he declares he only feels really comfortable and content when snugly ensconced in his library.'

"Well, you see,' my companion explained, 'Smith's bookcase is a folding bed.'"—Youth's Companion.

TEN LIMITED, conducted parties to EUROPE in April, May, June, July, Everything for Class. "Old World Tourist Guide" For DE POTTER TOURS, 32 Broadway, N. Y. (30th Year)



SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

Dr. Johnson on Music

Johnson desired to have "Let Ambition Fire Thy Mind" played over again, and appeared to give a patient attention to it; though he owned to me that he was very insensible to the power of music. I told him that it affected me to such a degree, as often to agitate my nerves painfully, producing in my mind alternate sensations of pathetic dejection, so that I was ready to shed tears; and of daring resolution, so that I was inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle. "Sir," said he, "I should never hear it, if it made me such a fool."

Much of the effect of music, I am satisfied, is owing to the association of ideas. That air, which instantly and irresistibly excites in the Swiss, when in a foreign land, the *maladie du pays*, has, I am told, no intrinsic power of sound. And I know from my own experience, that Scotch reels, though brisk, make me melancholy, because I used to hear them in my early years, at a time when Mr. Pitt called for soldiers, "from the mountains of the north," and numbers of brave Highlanders were going abroad, never to return. Whereas, the airs in "The Beggar's Opera," many of which are very soft, never fail to render me gay, because they are associated with the warm sensations and high spirits of London. This evening, while some of the tunes of ordinary compositions were played with no great skill, my frame was agitated, and I was conscious of a generous attachment to Dr. Johnson, as my preceptor and friend, mixed with an affectionate regret that he was an old man, whom I should probably lose in a short time. I thought I could defend him at the point of my sword. My reverence and affection for him were in full glow. I said to him, "My dear sir, we must meet every year, if you don't quarrel with me." JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, you are more likely to quarrel with me, than I with you. My regard for you is greater almost than I have words to express; but I do not choose to be always repeating it: write it down in the first leaf of your pocketbook, and never doubt of it again."

Boswell's Life of Johnson.


Sam Weller's Valentine

The particular picture on which Sam Weller's eyes were fixed, as he said this, was a highly colored presentation of a couple of human hearts skewered together with an arrow, cooking before a cheerful fire, while a male and female cannibal in modern attire, the gentleman being clad in a blue coat and white trousers, and the lady in a deep red pelisse with a parasol of the same, were approaching the meal with hungry eyes up a serpentine gravel path leading thereunto. A decidedly indelicate young gentleman, in a pair of wings, and nothing else, was depicted as superintending the cooking; a representation of the spire of the church in Langham Place appeared in the distance; and the whole formed a "valentine," of which, as a written

Continued on page 269.

RAD-BRIDGE
Registered at Pat. Office LONDON - WASHINGTON - OTTAWA

THE KNOWLEDGE OF TEDDY
Quoth Teddy, "I know things I'm not telling, Though I've told all I know about spelling, There's the great 'RAD-BRIDGE' show I'll tell all I know There'd be no blooming end to their selling."



PHILIP MORRIS
ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES

All good people
like them. Near-
ly all good peo-
ple smoke them

In Little Brown Boxes

CAMBRIDGE the regular size
AMBASSADOR after-dinner size

Sparks From Old Anvils

Continued from page 268.

inscription in the window testified, there was a large assortment within, which the shopkeeper pledged himself to dispose of to his countrymen generally at the reduced rate of one and six pence each.

Dickens—Pickwick Papers.

The Five Positions of the Chechia

Joyful would I be, my dear readers, if I were a great artist, in order to set under your eyes the various positions taken by Tartarin's red cap in the three days' passage it made on board the *Zouave*, between France and Algeria.

First would I show you it at the steaming out, upon deck, arrogant and heroic as it was, forming a glory round that handsome Tarasconian head. Next would I show you it at the harbor's mouth, when the bark began to caper upon the waves; I would depict it for you all of a quake in astonishment, and as though already experiencing the preliminary qualms of sea-sickness.

Then, in the Gulf of the Lion, proportionably to the nearing of the open sea, where the white caps heaved harder, I would make you behold it wrestling with the tempest, and standing on end upon the hero's cranium, with its mighty mane of blue wool bristling out in the spray and breeze.

Position Fourth: At six in the afternoon, with the Corsican coast in view; the unfortunate *chechia* hangs over the ship's side, and lamentably stares down as though to plumb the depths of the ocean. Finally and lastly, the Fifth Position: At the back of a narrow state-room, in a box bed so small it seemed one drawer in a nest of them, something shapeless rolled on the pillow with moans of desolation. This was the fez—the fez so defiant at the sailing, now reduced to the vulgar condition of a nightcap, and pulled down over the very ears of the head of a pallid and convulsed sufferer.

Suddenly overcome by the nausea, the helpless victim had not even the power to undo the Algerian girdle-cloth, or lay aside his armor; the lumpy-handled hunting-knife pounded his ribs, and the leather revolver-case chafed his thigh. To finish him arose the taunts of Sancho-Tartarin, who never ceased to groan and curse:



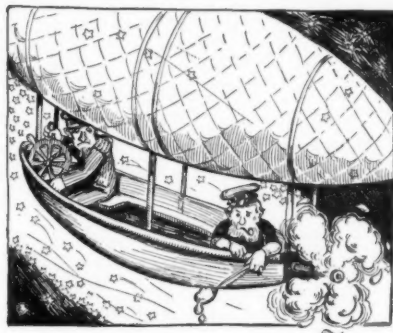
THREE BRIDGE RUBBERS

The Best Score Pad Made.
Twenty-five Cents Each at All Dealers.

"Well, for the perfection of idiocy, you are the finest specimen! I told you how it would be! Ha! ha! You were bound to go to Africa, were you? Well, old fool, now that you are going to Africa, how do you like it?"—From Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon."

Angling

And let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead-rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owner when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice; as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed Angler; for, when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or con-



The Pilot: WHAT MAKES HER GO SO SLOW?

The Engineer: WE'RE PASSING THROUGH THE MILKY WAY AND THE PROPELLER'S FULL OF BUTTER!



JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY

For Sale Everywhere.
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.,
Sole Agents, New York.

The ideal of what a delightful drink should be—

A Club Cocktail

is the cocktail of the connoisseur because it is measured to exact proportion. CLUB COCKTAILS never vary.

They're always uniform,
always right.

Martini (gin base) and
Manhattan (whisky base)
are the most popular. Get
a bottle from your dealer.



G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
HARTFORD
New York London

triving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good Scholar, we may say of Angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did"; and, so, if I might be judge, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than Angling."

Izaak Walton—Complete Angler.

Words, Words, Words

Why, Lord Michin Malicho, Lord Facing-both-ways, and two or three other arch-quacks, have taken to merry-andrewizing in a new arena, which they call the Science of Pantopragmatics, and they have bitten Lord Curryfin into tumbling with them; but the mania will subside when the weather grows cool; and no doubt we shall still have him at Thorn Back Bay teaching the Fishermen how to know a herring from a halibut.

But, pray, doctor, what is this new science?

Why, that, Miss Gryll, I cannot well make out. I have asked several professors of the science, and have got nothing in return but some fine varieties of rigmarole, of which I can make either head or tail. It seems to be a real art of talking about an imaginary art of teaching every man his own business. Nothing practical comes of it, and, indeed, so much the better. It will be at least harmless, as long as it is like Hamlet's reading, "words, words, words." Like most other science, it resolves itself into lecturing, lecturing, lecturing, about all sorts of matters, relevant and irrelevant: one enormous bore prating about jurisprudence, another about statistics, another about education, and so forth; the *crambe repetita* of the same rubbish, which has already been served up "twies hot and twies cold," at as many other associations nick-named scientific.

Thomas Love Peacock—Gryll Grange.

Too Late Now

MOTHER: I hope you are nice to that young man who has been calling, dear.

DAUGHTER: I don't have to be now, mamma, for he's in love with me.—Democratic Telegram.

Liqueur Pères Chartreux

GREEN
AND
YELLOW

GREEN
AND
YELLOW



The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bäcker & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

A Quiet Affair

A prominent lawyer of Vicksburg, Miss., who, after two months of widowhood took unto himself another spouse, was very indignant when he read in one of the local papers the following notice of his marriage:

"The wedding was very quiet, owing to a recent bereavement in the bridegroom's family."
—Catholic News.

Dust

A sign hung in a conspicuous place in a store in Lawrence:

"Man is made of dust. Dust settles. Are you a man?"—Boston Record.

In London

PAGE: 'Ere, what's the good o' you turning up? I whistled once.

CABBY: Well, I thought as—

PAGE: Once is for a taxi, ain't it?

CABBY: Yus.

PAGE: An' twice is for a 'ansom?

CABBY: Yus.

PAGE: Well, when we wants you we'll send you a postcard—see?—Punch.

What's in a Name—Sometimes?

"Who is that handsome man over there?" one guest asks another at a dinner party.
"That is Louis the Fourteenth."

"How absurd! What do you mean?"

"Well, his name is Louis, and he is always invited when—without him—there would be thirteen at table."—Le Figaro.

Mirza's Vision on 'Change

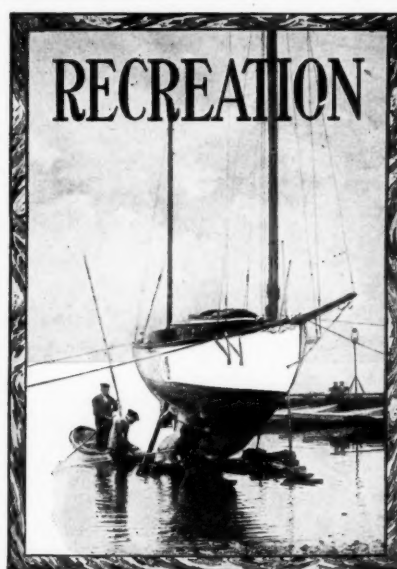
HAVING spent the Sabbath in religious meditation, on Monday morning I washed myself with "Dutch Cleanser," and, being a clean "lamb," ascended to the Stock Exchange Gallery, where I fell into a "Chinese dream" on the vanity of human life and stock-brokers generally. "Surely," said I, "stocks are but a gamble, and profits a 'Lawsonian Phantom.'"

Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my "lamps" toward the summit of a high desk, and beheld the High Mogul, or Exchange Secretary, climb

to his Seat of Might. Seeing me, he struck the 10 o'clock gong, which set in motion a ticker, the sound of which, like Rubinstein's "Melody," was exceeding sweet and altogether different from any music I had heard since becoming an innocent spring "lamb," with no knowledge of the word "Stung."

As G. Q. and U. P. began to rise my heart melted away in secret raptures and soliloquies. Then Genius, the Secretary, beckoned me to approach. Obeying, I fell down at his feet and wept, thinking he was about to put me on a "good thing."

Continued on page 271.



Fitting Out Time

is almost here. Make your plans now for your outdoor season. RECREATION will help you in the big things and in many little things as well. Whether you are a veteran yachtsman or just a plain lover of the out-of-doors with no particular hobby to ride, the March number of

RECREATION

will help you in dozens of ways. The superb full-page illustrations of this magazine are all worthy of framing for any home. Nowhere else will you find such helpful, entertaining articles illustrated exclusively by the most expert photographers. RECREATION is famous from the fact that the men who write for its pages have "Been There" and can start you planning your outdoor campaign.

W. P. Stephens, the best known yachting authority in America, has written an intensely practical article, giving complete instructions on how to put your motor-boat, yacht or sail-boat in commission.

Then there are many other articles of interest to the boat enthusiast, such as "The Knockabout," a keen sizing up of the small yacht, "A Cruise to Okeechobee," being a 400-mile cruise in Florida waters, "How to Build the Handy Cruising Tent," "Overhauling Your Canoe," "Motor Boat Cruising Around Chicago."

RECREATION HOUSES

The first instalment of the most important series of articles ever written for an outdoor magazine begins in the March number. It describes two ideal bungalows of small cost and is illustrated from drawings and floor plans by Sullivan W. Jones, the practical man of one of New York's most prominent firms of architects, who has designed especially for the use of RECREATION'S readers two vacation houses, one to cost \$750—to accommodate four or five persons—and one to cost \$1,000—which will comfortably house six or seven persons.

Besides descriptions, Mr. Jones has prepared complete working drawings which will give exact details of every step of construction as well as the cost of material and labor. Blue prints of these working plans will be supplied to readers of RECREATION at a very moderate cost.

CLIFFORD H. EASTON, who has traveled by canoe and dog sledge more than a thousand miles through the unexplored interior of Labrador, gives a graphic description of "The People," as the Labrador Eskimos call themselves.

"THE TINHORN," by Edward Cave, is a duck shooting story of a different sort, which is full of humorous situations and good-natured satire.

"FIELD TRIALS," from the point of view of the dog man, is a subject which Charles Askins knows from A to Z. This article is illustrated from photographs made especially for RECREATION by W. H. Wallace.

"HUNTING BIG GAME ON SNOWSHOES," is a difficult task not only for the hunter but for the writer as well, but Everett L. Pope has mastered most of the problems of hunting moose and caribou in deep snows and extreme cold.

Ninety thousand readers count RECREATION as one of their biggest life assets. Aside from the very entertaining stories and articles, RECREATION has a department of INFORMATION which fully supplies on request needs for any information on recreation lines and without cost to subscribers.

We want you to become acquainted with the magazine and its helpfulness.

Two Liberal Offers

(1) RECREATION costs 25 cents a copy or \$3.00 a year. If you will send us \$1.00, we will send you as issued the magazine for the months covering the entire spring and summer season, that is, from March to October, inclusive; the full value of which is \$2.00. To Canada, \$1.25.

(2) If you would like to see a copy of RECREATION before accepting this offer, BUY THE MARCH NUMBER AT ANY NEWSDEALER'S. IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, SEND US 25 CENTS AND WE WILL SEND YOU A COPY BY RETURN MAIL.

Remember RECREATION is the only magazine that will start you right and help you to make the most of the outdoor season.

RECREATION

O-24 WEST 39th STREET, NEW YORK

Mirza's Vision on 'Change

Continued from page 270.

"Cast thine eyes Eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said I, "a huge arena, a regular 'Valley of Decision,' with bulls and bears fighting with mad tenacity inside it."

"That is the Cashmere Vale of Misery, where 'lemon' chasers are cleaned out; not even the wintry wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. Then, too, thou seest a ticker that measureth off the day. It starteth with the brokers' daily struggle; it recordeth their deeds, both good and bad, at 26 Broadway, and ceaseth at 3 o'clock."

"What is that bridge I see yonder in the mist?" asked I of the Genius.

"The bridge thou seest," said he, "is where the lambs, born every minute, do congregate. If you watch closely you will see multitudes of bank-rolls passing over the 'Bridge of Specu-

HUNTER WHISKEY

HAS GAINED PUBLIC FAVOR BECAUSE IT IS A PERFECTLY PURE RYE WHISKEY, RICH, RARE AND MELLOW

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



If You Like to Hunt, Fish or Camp

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Every month the National Sportsman contains 160 pages or more, crammed from cover to cover with photos from life, stories of hunting, fishing, camping and tramping which will thrill and interest you. This monthly visitor will lure you pleasantly away from the monotonous grind of your every-day work to the healthful atmosphere of the woods and fields. Single copies 15c, yearly subscription \$1.00.

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Send to-day. Total, 95c } 25c

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc., 98 Federal St., Boston

lation' in eager pursuit of bubbles. It is known in poetry as the 'Bridge of Sighs.'

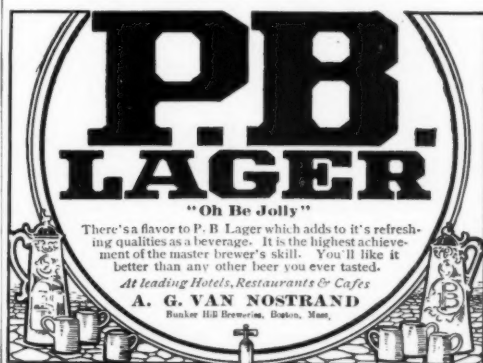
I saw several lambs dropping through the bridge into the tide that flowed underneath it, and, on further examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors, labelled "Tips on Hot-Air Brake, Tips on Steal Common, Tips on Sure Things," which the lambs no sooner trod upon, when chased by the bears, than they fell through and disappeared.

"Tortured in life and swallowed up in financial death," said Genius, with compassion, seeing my eyes standing full of tears. "This is the result of lemon imports, gold exports, 23 per cent. money, washed sales, milking, and moral tips to young men by John D., that infest the most celebrated watering place in America—Wall Street."

Then the Good Genius, seeing I was filled



The intrepid explorer inadvertently laughed, Away up in the north frigid zone, And being unable to thaw out his face, He ha-ha'd all the way home.



THE WILLIAMS PRINTING COMPANY

with a deep melancholy, directed my Quiller-like optics to the "pit" again. Through the mist this time I beheld brokers clad in glorious habits passing to and fro among trees, upon which grew highballs and splits in luxurious profusion, while others were lying down amidst 10,000 electric fans, quite (H.) Content, on beds of easy money and lamb's wool, singing "In God We Trust."

A confused harmony of singing bees which did not sting, tickers, iced drinks and inside-information-music, greeted my ears. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on the innocent scene, and gladness grew within me. I cried out for the "Wings of the Morning" that I might join the Celestial throng.

"There is no passage to such Monte Carlo happiness," said the Noble Genius, "except thou cough up 70,000 plunks and become a broker thyself."

I turned to thank my benefactor for the tip. He had vanished. The ticker had run down, and I was alone.

J. W. B.

Nothing Lacking

A Highland minister, who was rather a pompous gentleman, came to a shepherd's house to baptize a child.

"Are you prepared?" he asked the fond parent.

"Ou ay, munnister; I have got a grand ham for tea."

"I mean spiritually prepared," thundered the cleric.

"Af coorse I am; oh, yes. I got twa bottles o' first-class whiskey from the inn," replied the imperturbable Celt.—*Tit-Bits.*

Probable Difference

WIFE: Is there any difference between a fort and a fortress?

HUSBAND: Not much, except, of course, that a fortress must be harder to silence!—*Lippincott's.*

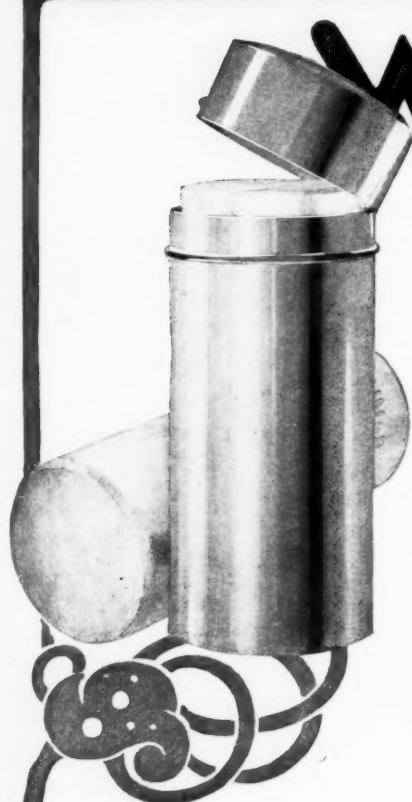
From a Massachusetts Friend

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

A sure proof that LIFE is funny is shown by the fact that small boys in the reading room of our library are not allowed the privilege of reading it on account of the laughter which is sure to follow and disturb the quiet students.

The above was clipped from the news items of a local paper and refers to the small library of a near-by village.

Poor boys!



Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

There are probably half a hundred different Shaving Sticks on the market, but not one of them possesses the same peculiar thick, creamlike, soothing, enduring lather that has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soap from all others for nearly three-quarters of a century.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c, if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c in stamps.

Williams' Talcum Powder

No one who has tried the new hinged cover box in which Williams' Talcum Powder is sold, will again be satisfied with the old style, unsatisfactory revolving top with its annoying features of sticking, sifting and waste of powder and loss of perfume. The top of this new can is perforated like other kinds, but the hinged cover closes the can, making it practically airtight.

No one who has used Williams' Talcum Powder, Violet and Carnation, can fail to recognize that in fineness and smoothness, in its velvety softness and exquisitely dainty perfume, it is matchless.

A full size can of either Violet or Carnation sent on receipt of 25c if your dealer does not supply you.



Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap



The instant response of Williams' Jersey Cream Soap to the friction of the hand, yielding an abundant, rich and creamlike lather, makes its use a constant delight. It costs very little to try this (only 15 cents), and the chances are that after you have done this you will never be really satisfied with any other Toilet soap.

SPECIAL OFFER

As an inducement to a thorough trial of Jersey Cream Soap we are (for a limited time) packing with every 4 cakes, without extra charge, a handsome nickeled, hinged cover soap box, for use when traveling, camping, in the gymnasium locker or at home. Nearly all druggists sell Jersey Cream Soap, but if your druggist fails to supply you send 60c in stamps and we will forward the 4 cakes of soap and soap box by return mail.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.